

E. A.

Slight touch

Poems of love and lust

BookRix

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In memory of a young man I met once. This young man walked among crowds as if nothing mattered but his own zest to make the best of each day. In celebration of his existence.

Slight touch

Night bond.
The day with its sunshine
was never our time.
Too much clarity,
too much life around.
Our time was the night,
with its dark portals,
its broken promises
and countless masks.
Our time rested in steps
leading to forgotten houses.
Our time fed on fantasíes
of silver collars and chains
in dark chambers in mansions.
Our time fled brutal rea!ity,
transformed us in desire,
branded us with its passion,
and smilingly gave each of us
in the memory of the other
a bittersweet taste of immortality.

Treasure.

There is treasure in desire,
there is glory in lust,
there is madness in love,
there is pain in happiness
and total loss in climaxes.
There are also many portals
in the city of our meeting
holding the print of our bodies
and the heat of our passion.
There are hidden little alleys

that still bear the strong gaze
of your deep, magnetic eyes.
There are old cobblestones
that remember our names
and play them in their cores
while unknown dancers
move sensuously to the music
of a heartfelt tango...
Buenos Aires, April 14th 2018.
And we dared cross the portal,
of unrelenting desire,
encircled by the fire ribbons
of our hunger for each other.
We stepped into the realm
of veiled crossroads and truths,
dropped masks to unveil our souls,
Slided with fear and yet no doubt
into the maze sheltering its core
from the eyes of the innocent
but open to us holding each other
yet willing to fall in a vortex of feeling
It devoured us and then let us go,
already blended into each other.

i

Blending
I just wanted you,
from the very core
of my intense being.
I just desired you,
from the start
of the fleeting time
you and I were given.
And I just blended
into your very self
as a joyous evidence
of my love and surrender.

Us.

Time flows away
in our city,
time unshared,
time remembered,
again and again
by the dark river.
Engulfing our names
in a spiral of fog,
a vortex of passion,
a maze of streets
hidden in its portals.
We lost each other
only to live our time
in countless episodes
in the very hearts
of time and memory.

Nighttime

The mirror waits in a daze,
the room has become dark.
The day has given its shine,
twilight will soon set in,
night waits in a hidden corner
to reign again over hours,
to open portals of questions,
doors closed during daylight.
The river rests in solitude,
He, just like I, waits for Night.
Keepers of shadows and memories,
we offer each other company
under the laughing gaze
of Destiny and twinkling stars.

The lost key

I wish we could find
our long lost key.

The key to our secrets,
to our strange silences,
the one that held power
over our fiery absences.
I wish we could find it,
I wish we dared use it,
I wish we dared enter
the labyrinth of feelings
and fear not their tide.
But we tossed it away,
we would not need it,
we would not remember,
not long for each other.,
So sure of ourselves,
so proud of distance,
the self-imposed distance
of the nights and mornings
spent in foreign rooms,
in unknown, unmade beds.
We betrayed each other,
the minute we chose reason,
masqued our mutual needs,
and chose to toss away our key
in a long-forgotten garden.
Buenos Aires.August 4th,2018.

Hold me
Just hold me, next to you.
Allow me to stay in the circle
of your arms and our desire.
Just hold for a while,
tease me for a while,
use my eager body at your whim,
brand me with your cool skin
so I can carry you on myself.
I did not come to you for safety,
but because we spoke the same language,

you reminded me of untrodden paths,
of gardens where statues are alive,
where nights and portals blend to hide
the limbs and moans of countless, hidden lovers.
Buenos Aires, August 4th.

Quiet tears
And I have cried quietly,
for the minutes dying slowly,
mourned for seconds lost,
for time running through
the webs of our lives apart.
I have born witness
to the sand clock turning,
to the dawns and dusks
of partings and reunions.
And I have asked our river
the thousand questions
of those lost in passions.
I have given our portals
the eternal conundrums
of star crossed lovers,
have walked our secret ways
to find you again in my memory
untarnished by pain and days,
as I had seen you once
set against the trappings
of society and convention,
eager for freedom and darkness,
and the soft light you kept
for our blissful times together.
Buenos Aires, August 15.2018.

Shifting sands
Shifting shapes.
Time has shaped our lives,
our minutes and our seconds

time has eroded patiently
our episodes of lost passions.
pushed us into oblivion,
brought us to recognition
shifting shapes in mirrors.
You and I glowing apart,
drawn close by memories,
branded by seedy dark rooms
and invariably passing lovers.
August 18th 2018.Buenos Aires.

Twin flames
I would like to hold you
in the circle of passion,
to hold you for a while
and then cast you away
before the hourglass
turns its eerie content.
I'd like to cross again
the flimsy frontiers
of a thousand mirrors,
and then blend once more
in the unending flame
of our recurrent bond
and become one with you,
in a whirling circle.
Buenos Aires, August 21st.2018.

Pain.
She cried for him
till her eyes ached,
she shouted his name
at the laughing echoes
of time and days,
stroked in her mind
his skin and its scent,
fell asleep to his voice,

woke up to the sight
of his unforgiving face,
reached out in the dark,
to have her arms empty
and her hands grabbing
the eternal presence
of his unrelenting absence.
Buenos Aires, September 1st 2018

Statues
Night comes in the garden,
statues come alive,
arms extend in the darkness,
smiles broaden pale faces,
marble becomes soft flesh
and desire flows in their eyes.
Night has also come to us,
join me then in this meeting,
covered by foliage and night,
surrounded by circles of lust,
so we can blend in their midst,
joining my elusive evanescence
and your grinning immortality.
Buenos Aires, September 16 th.

Sleep
And I went to sleep
in an abandoned house,
in a deserted garden,
where trees hid me
from passers-by,
where flowers also slept
and birds never sang.
I fell asleep and rested,
in the shade of a deep night,
I blended contentedly
in the welcoming darkness

of oblivion and peace.
And I was woken up
to the sound of your voice
crossing the boundaries
of time and memory.
Buenos Aires, September 2018

Gift
.And I built my gift for you,
cast it in the mould of time,
shaped it with the sand of years,
wrapped it in the lust of portals
and kept it safe from rust and pain.
I built the house of my passion,
with minutes and years of lust,
shaded it from wandering eyes,
locked it with keys and chains,
lit its crystal lamps every night.
I made sure the garden bloomed,
under moons, clouds and suns,
kept the patient shine of stars
bathing my gift every single night,
keeping it alive throughout years,
strengthening its howling pillars
to offer it to you, on the hidden altar
of my undying love and desire.
Buenos Aires.October 2018.

Our house
The house you and I once built
still stands alone and proud,
amidst time and many tides,
rains at its window panes,

unforgiving minutes of sun.
It stands for you and me,
for all we were once,
the ones we have become,
the ones we might still be.
The house knows our story,
each brick accounts for us,
our fights in the dark,
games of surrender and power,
tears of joy and painful smiles.
We built the house long ago,
trusted each other with locks,
held its keys in secret pockets,
lit its lamps to fight night.
Secure in each other we parted,
to search frenzy and desire
in unknown cities with round streets,
to blend into lives for a while,
waiting for the moment of atonement
when we would join again gladly.
October 2018.

Wish
I wish I could meet again
the boy you were once,
tell him the many reasons
of my obstinate silence,
hold his hand in mine
for minutes lost in hours.
I wish I could then leave
without a word of goodbye
for he would always wait
for my possible return
in some secret temple of love
lost in a deep, hidden garden.
November 2018.

Words

Slut,cunt,cock,fuck,
words uttered in lust
and also in despair.
The brevity of desire,
the dark substance
of most encounters.
The masks of love
lurking in dark alleys,
in the many corners
of cities lost in time
and of grieving minds
laden with memories.
Fuck,cunt,cock ,slut,
words to capture lust
from the greedy hands
of days and also hours,
seconds and minutes.
Words to guard desire
from the claws of oblivion
And the pale smile of Death.
November 2018- Buenos Aires-

Life and love

In just a time of uncertainty,
in a time of pain and doubt,
when the world is crumbling,
when all is nearing its end,
I can only say I met you once
and that made everything right.
Time is just a fog shading all,
years don't stretch so assuredly,
our lives have greatly changed
but I still remember you fondly.

I had never...

I'd never thought it would end this,

I'd never thought we would part,
I'd never thought of time as an enemy,
I never thought you would leave me.
Still, fear not, I have seen you sneaking,
just to escape, just to hide, just to go.
You did not know me that well, I guess,
just one word would have been enough,
my love and desire are not based on chains,
those are just props for enhancing foreplay.

Betrayal

Through time and distances
and in your case other arms,
we have become strangers,
strangers who politely refuse
to acknowledge each other.
I would have not ended this,
would not have betrayed you,
would not have strayed from you,
would not have left you at all.
So so many memories flow
and flood the solitude of hours,
I have nothing else to tell you,
you may have chosen well,
you may have chosen badly,
I care not now, you have chosen.
I see the hours
stretching ahead,
sometimes hurrying,
sometimes slowing down,
falling beyond and behind...
Still, I know their aim
is to reach destination
and this signals the end,
the end of time and life,
the end of the journey,
the end of fear, of worries,

I know they can be friends,
I know they can be enemies,
and yet, my hours have promised
to be kind with me on my way,
I get to sleep every nince.
And in the crossroads of life,
I go on, placing my love for you
in the memories of yesterday.

Musings

I see the hours
stretching ahead,
sometimes hurrying,
sometimes slowing down,
falling beyond and behind...
Still, I know their aim
is to reach destination
and this signals the end,
the end of time and life,
the end of the journey,
the end of fear, of worries,
I know they can be friends,
I know they can be enemies,
and yet, my hours have promised
to be kind with me on my way,
I get to sleep every night
in the belief, it will be so
and I am grateful, simply grateful,
for their company and existence.

New Path

The night air is thick with your memory,
time tugs at the folds of life' s robe,
your words remain in some part of my mind,
and I remember our brief hours of joy.

We searched different paths,that's all.
Perhaps you will also remember our story
and perhaps you will just choose to forget.
It matters not now,all is immaterial at last,
I have arrived at my own crossroads
and I see a half hidden,untrodden road.
And while you vanish in the life of your making,
I choose to go on and take that unknown path.

Maybe
Maybe we won't find the Grial,
maybe our time ends suddenly,
before we even notice,
maybe we'll never hold each other
in the madness of spiraling climaxes.
And yet...I can say it was worth it.
There was magic and there was a spark,
the very spark that ignites life.

Never mind
Never mind the goblets of champagne
left untouched on a small table,
the thousand petals of red roses
splashed on a white thick rug,
just like drops of blood slowly drying,
the only evidence hearts can be broken.

Our twilight
Join me in the darkness,
, in decaying vaults,
under Gothic arches,
once our twilight is gone.
when a pale moon cries its eerie light.
Join me only then, when there is nothing
but solitude and you and I are no more.
Join me then. I shall be waiting.
Let us celebrate life as we once knew,

amidst old stones and elusive sands,
defying time and death, too many years and too many waters.

Night

Night used to be our favourite time.

Night used to shelter us from everything and all.

Night homed our lust, calmed any doubts. dissipated fears

Night circled us, with its silken threads.

Night gave us portals, steps in forgotten houses.

Night made the moon rise over old tombs,.

taught us to defy death and time,its perennial friend.

It was night who made us oblivious to the world and utterly
fearless.

We lost ourselves in our mutual desire. to find each other,
spiraling down together, bound by invisible ropes. Buenos
Aires.March 23rd.2018.

Nostalgia

Only wish i could meet you again,
in some dark corner of the city.

I only wish I could feel again
your fresh skin ,its citric scent,
Your long hair,covering us both.

I wish I could hear again
your voice ,your words in the air
and also your laughter.

I wish I could lose myself again
in the miracle of your existence.

I wish I could bury my face
in your motorcycle rider jacket
while your arms hold me tight
and all becomes right for a moment.

I wish you did not belong
in memories of a past
revisited when day is gone,
when all that remains is myself
and your memory,my usual visitor.

Buenos Aires, March 2018.

The city

The city hides your memory,
your easy laughter, your quick steps,
your soft spoken words and your parting.
The city hides our brief encounter,
mourns its brevity imposed by others.
The city knows we were just puppets,
in an endless game of tragedy and desire.
The city also knows of my love for you,
keeps it safe behind the walls of houses,
perfumed by jazmines in bloom,
dancing on the cobblestones
to the fading tune of some old tango.

City by the river

Wish you were here
so we could get lost
in hidden archways
and entangle our limbs
in a night long embrace.
Wish you were with me,
in the city by the river,
lost in each other,
just to find ourselves again
in the small deaths of climaxes.
Wish you were here
so I could see your beauty
melting in my life
to renew itself in an eternal circle.
Protected by the city by the river,
silent witness of what was, what is
and what will be.

Time

The hourglass on the mantelpiece

smiles kindly on my minutes,
the ones lived,the ones drifting,
the ones gone into memory.
The moon entering my bedroom
shines softly on my seconds,
the ones enjoyed,the ones grieved,
the ones fading just now.
Rising and setting suns give light to my hours,
the ones already folded away,
the ones going on to their end,
the ones left to live and die.
All of them know, I am the keeper of secrets
in the House of Love and Memory.
All know,while weaving my existence,
you visit me when nights are dark
and smile from the depths of Time.
Buenos Aires,May 2018.

"Thresholds"

Some thresholds await no brides,
some thresholds wait for lovers.
Some thresholds have no stories,
some thresholds vibrate with life.
Some hold their secrets tightly,
some tell their stories openly.
Some sleep in the numbness of years,
some are always awake,waiting.
Ours is still there,in our city,
abandoned to the dark nights
of your absence and my presence
in the city that held us together,
under a night full of stars.

Fountains

I tried to find your face
in the moving waters of fountains.
I tried to hear your voice

in the hum of a thousand sounds.
I tried to feel again your skin
in the passing pleasure of minutes.
I tried to embrace again your body
in the spiraling vortex of climaxes.
And, despairing to find you I realized
I carried you within myself,
woven into every blood vessel and sinew.
I realized I had somehow become you
in my everlasting quest for togetherness

Leave taking
From the days of your absence,
the abyss of your indifference,
the coldness of your silence,
from the solitude of my days,
I have piled up my earnings,
I have counted my blessings,
I have packed my belongings,
I have hit that scary, open road,
I have walked my talk of bravery,
I have become myself once again,
I have retrieved my own power,
I have left you to your own self,
left you to the ropes of your making,
to the whips and chains of games,
to the days and nights without me,
without my body, without my love,
without my tears, without my lust,
I have left you to your own self,
I have left you to your own journey.

Frenzy
Just clothes coming off,
eager hands everywhere,
mouths eager to taste
the juices of arousal,

desire taking over reason,
lust coursing through bodies,
climaxes taking over lives,
erasing names, time and place
so we are born once again
to everyday life and primal desire.

Knowledge
I just know,
I want you still,
I dream of you still,
maybe love you still.
My collar still bears
your initials in any case,
only you can unlock it.
Collar, padlock, and sub,
all respond to your touch.

Lost

Just lost in the broken crystals
of your corrosive absence,
just lost in the dried petals
that still scent some old book,
just lost in the city by the river,
just lost in its old, old streets,
just lost in the sounds of a tango,
just lost in the air of these skies,
just lost in memories of our time
and the present joy of your existence.

It is not the collar
It is not the collar,
it is not the chain,
it is not the flogger,
it is not the pain.

It is not fear or hate,
it is not even love,
though this one lurks
in dark corners,
of minds and cities...
It is not the collar,
it never was,
the sub chose it,
so she could give
someone she trusted
the only key...

She
Dressed in black,
corseted tightly,
her spike heels
chant omens.
Her marble skin
is cold to the touch
but burns like ice.
She speaks softly,
her voice is sultry,
her words precise,
she walks proudly,
she definitely is not
for the faint of heart.

The agreement
She was naked,
he was fully dressed,
she wore her collar,
he wore his suit and tie,
she carried a red rose,
he carried a silver chain,
they decided that night
never to part again,

signed their agreement
under candlelight,
exchanged chain and rose,
and put them aside,
he let her undress him,
and they became one.
The dawn found them
in each other`s arms,
peacefully sleeping,
after their journeys,
together at long last.

Stripper

She stood on stage,
her legs apart,
eyed all and no one.
When music started
she spat her lines,
while she gyrated
and slowly undressed.
"Here`s to love,
my dear friends,
warms you in Winter,
scorches in Summer,
if it lasts till then...
Her bra lost one strap,
the music went dead
she rotated slowly
and sang again,
"Here`s to lust,
my dear friends,
it keeps you alive,
when all is gone,
lust for sex, lust for life.
Her bra fell, on she went,
"Here`s to friendship,

that noble flame,
it helps many times,
again and again...
Her body gyrated,
she opened her arms,
swayed her hips and sang,
"And here`s to time,
that will take us all,
the master of life,
killer of seconds,
Lord of pain and pleasure..."
Her G-string fell on stage,
she was naked at last.
And when all had left,
either excited or bemused
the stripper still sang,
"Here is to love,
here`s to lust...",
tears falling slowly
on her naked skin,
lighting the empty place,
waiting for another day
and another show to begin.

Lovers

Maybe it was not for us
to sit at the porch,
nursing our drinks,
watching the sunset...
Maybe it was not for us
to get a tray with coffee,
marmalade and toast
in the early mornings,
maybe it was not for us
to fight over the paper,
maybe it was not for us
to celebrate anniversaries

with dinner under candlelight.
What was for us was the frenzy
of passion in its full pathos,
the total loss of ourselves,
the oblivion of climaxes,
falling into a vortex of desire
to emerge scarred by it all
and walk among rushing crowds,
carrying our unfolded secret,
that never-dying joy
at each other`s existence.

Remains
Just rags eaten by moths,
dust on old books,
dried petals without scent,
that is all that remains
from a thwarted love affair,
a secret buried in old linen
together with lavender sachets.
Memories in a house no one visits,
a garden left untended,
tears turned into nothingness,
while the pale sun of Winter
warms the porch that waits for no one.

You,now.
"You, now"
And it is now, while alone,
that I see you, back in time,
the young man you used to be,
with tousled hair and a smile,
your faded jeans and old jacket,
covering your graceful limbs,
marble-like skin of sweet scent
that lingers in my memory still...
And it is now, while alone,

that your dear image I embrace
and could not love you more.

"Garden"

Our garden remembers
our long conversations,
our garden remembers
your smile and our joy,
your easy-going ways,
my complex musings,
our days together,
that unique treasure
untarnished by time,
undefiled by memory,
living forever in the air
among the old trees
of our beloved garden.

"Rose petals"

Rose petals just lost
to the passing of years,
to the tricks of memory,
fading seconds and hours.
Rose petals lost in books,
still keeping their perfume,
scented with sweet loves,
desire and old passions...

"Sunset"

Sunset in the city,
our city by a river,
sunset in the city,
our love still present
in the old stones,
in the new buildings,
in the tall bridges
over our old river..

Debt

I owe you, wholeheartedly,
with a high-interest rate,
my most beautiful lines,
my gut-wrenching poems,
words like crystal goblets
smashing against stone walls...
stories drenched in love,
stories hiding passionate joys,
characters shaped and built
to fit the city where we met,
the city with the dark river
and the old rusty bridges.
Our city lost you to the world
but regained me to bear witness
of her everlasting changes,
of our refusing to die story,
I am the priestess without a name,
forever lighting the torches
in some long forsaken temple.

Tired time

And time grew wary of us,
of our never-ending fights
with past and present,
with years slipping quietly by
and hourglasses smashed,
with passion always burning
in empty rooms with cold beds,
of curtains drawn together
and fireplaces without warmth.
Time grew wary of us both,
of our fears and fantasies,
of our easy nonchalance,
just bravado to keep away
the fleeting seconds,

the unforgiving minutes
and the slowly passing hours...

Another time, another life...
In the old city of canals,
of narrow winding streets,
in the city of dark waters
and bridges of mystery,
there is a time when all stops
and goes back to centuries ago...
Trust me, in this beloved city
I met you once, in times long gone,
you loved me once and I let you go...
I was foolish, still, I loved you so!
In the old city of canals and bridges
you and I loved each other furiously,
with a passion that burned like ice.

Living by proxy
Living by proxy
in your mind,
with just the promise
of my surrender.
Living by proxy
in my own skin,
with just the memory
of a few encounters.
Living by proxy
in a fleeting time
with just the solitude
left by your absence.

Writer
She wrote about him all the time,
she never mentioned his name again,
she wrote about her love and her lust,
she wrote not taking any needed breaks.

She just wrote about her sadness,
about his absence and her bereavement,
she wrote to extract all from memories,
to erase him from her suffering mind,
she wrote to welcome solitude at last.
Still, it was no use, her memory revived him,
her time with him became stronger,
he was somehow engraved in her mind,
while every cell in her yearning body,
doggedly craved their reunion with his,
under old bridges of stone over dark rivers,
on long trodden steps under forgotten portals..

Message

Lost in reveries, the hourglass turns,
I go on into days and I love you still,
I chose you one day and this stands.
Come, there's fire at the hearth,
food will not grow cold,nor wine sour.
Meanwhile,in our secluded chamber
the lamps are already burning.

June, 19-2019-

Talisman

From the scattered broken crystals
of thwarted ,lost love affairs,
I have gathered drops of feeling
to join new beads on a silver cord,
to polish them with the oils of lust
and test them on the flames of desire.
I have made this strong necklace
for all to see me wearing it proudly,
it tells my story to those who can see
and wards off the sad despoilers
of the blissful passion ruling life.

30th June

Passionate request

And this is what a woman in love and lust
told her lover once:

Just take me,
use me hard,
use me fast.

Put me on all fours,
ride me from behind,
tell me I `m your slut.

Enjoy my moans,
multiply my cries.
give me your marks of passion,
I shall wear them with pride.

Broken crystals
Broken crystals
still reflect the sun,
dried petals
still scent old books,
closed rooms
still keep memories
of passions gone.
Old letters bound
by worn-out ribbons,
love stories thwarted,
names faded in time,
loves and desire,
melted and blended,
as once long ago
were souls and bodies.

July 21. 2019.

Fear not
Fear not,

I am the keeper
of our connection,
the priestess
of a lost temple,
the confidant
of river and bridge,
the writer
of many stories.
Fear not,
I `ve seen
roses fading
into white ashes
and passions melt
into nothingness.
Fear not,
there is freedom.
In case you feared
that was something
you had never lost.

July 21,2019

Who knows...
As days and nights
hurry to their ends,
as time moves swiftly
and memories fade,
roses bloom and dry,
and hours live and die...
my name may become
an echo in your past,
a memory of old,
a scent of a lost flower,
a murmur silenced.
Who knows,
there is no answer
only our secrets

buried in lost seconds.

July 2019

Ashes and roses.

Just ashes and rose petals,
the remains of some affair,
an old diary with torn pages,
some ribbons and medals...
Not even a fading scent
of soft skin glowing,
not even a whispering echo,
of the small death of climaxes.
Just ashes of burnt letters,
just petals of dried roses,
just two lives that met once
where hearts are broken.

Our time

When all has faded
into darkness,
all you have left
is a faint memory,
a love too strong
to go through,
a bond too fierce
not to break it.
Time and the river
portals in the night,
your dim shadow
haunting the streets
where you and I
used to walk and live.

Even if

Even if I had known,
betrayal lurked in the dark

even if I had foreseen
the traps in our Eden,
even if I had felt
the embrace of coldness
waiting among flowers...
even then, I would have
defied time and odds
for the fleeting joy
of your smile and presence.

Just that
Just shards of glittering colours,
just notes of a lost symphony,
just whiffs of spilled perfume,
just images from vintage movies,
the trimmings of love and passion
still lingering in the immense void
shaped by your cold absence.

No such thing
There was no absence
like the one shaped
by your silence.
There was no sadness
like the one shaped
by your absence.
There was no echo
like the one of my voice
calling you in dreams
while seconds ebbed
slowly and steadily
to just pale away
melting into memory.

Lover's kiss
In a hidden place,
under the snow,

as white as lace,
as bright as stars
she waits for his kiss,
waits in the dark.
It is cold in her vault,
cold and also dark,
she sleeps undisturbed
he will come back.
To mortals she's dead,
to them she is no more,
to him she is the world,
could not love her more.
In the darkest of nights,
under a sky of snow,
his stealthy steps take him
to her lonely, cold vault.
Defying death and gods
he looks for his beloved
to bring her back to life,
with just one kiss of his
she opens her eyes,
she will share his fate
whatever this may be,
they will roam the nights
and escape daylight.
Their love is their bond,
no curse will reach them,
no human part them,
if they have each other
they lack nothing.

Just questions
What is the sound
of a heart breaking?
What is the sound
of tears flowing?
What is the sound

of time passing?
What is the sound
of memories ebbing?
The answer is silence
masking echoes,
silence hidden
in the dark waters
of our beloved river.

Amulet

Once upon a time,
there was a woman
who made an amulet
of precious things...
She gathered smiles
and also tears,
she added kisses,
and also laughter,
she sprinkled joy
and seasoned love,
remembered to add
passion and desire
and stirred all these
in a forgotten garden...
Bathed in moonlight,
they turned into crystal,
she left it in the wild
for all women to find it.

Fantasy

Alone in a room,
she waits for him,
waits for his lust,
waits for his desire.
Alone in a room,
she waits naked,
her body exposed,

her soul bared.
Alone in a room,
she waits for him,
for his smile,
for his touch,
for his hardness.
Alone in a room,
she waits for him
kneeling on stone,
her thighs apart,
wetness flowing
at the very thought
of his precious arrival...

Voices

"Marie Victorie, Marie Victorie!"
a lazy voice in the afternoon,
calling a young woman now.
A boudoir full of flowers,
a canopied bed and white lace
the promise of loves to come,
of passions to ignite and grow,
of life to become hot and wild...
"Marie Victorie, Marie Victorie!
a lover's voice in the night
calling a woman in her prime,
love and desire mingling
in the secrecy of dark nights...
Echoes in an old house,
loves and friendships of old,
sweet gardens and cups of tea,
and the voices of the past,
"Marie Victoire, Marie Victoire..."

September 2nd.
Immortality
In the aftermath of climax,

in the glow of satiated flesh,
all desire spent and gone,
waiting to revive again.
Time watching from the dark,
hours flying into nothingness,
we strive to spare each other
the slow erosion of days.
Immortality gained and lost
in the brief moment of union,
the memory of our bliss
and the despair of elusiveness...
Time wrapped in mystery
keeps all the answers hidden,
we go on towards the day
when we'll live only
in each other's memory.

Regret

The only regret I have
is that you missed
the total enjoyment
of my willing body.
I waited for you
in the darkness of night,
in the brightness of days,
in the peace of slumber
and the turmoil of work.
I waited against hope,
I waited against destiny,
I waited body and soul
till I almost became you
in my pursuit of closeness...
In case you may wonder,
I happened to be yours.

Overcast sky
She waited for him

at the crossroads
of her own life.
She waited for him
against hope and time.
One day she realized
he was not coming back
so she stopped waiting
and looked for overcast skies...
she is now, so I was told
a whimsical creature,
an illusion of one night...

Breakup
He tugged at her chain,
she looked at him,
one last time.
He bent to tap viciously
her crystal plug,
she just looked at him,
one last time.
He smiled at her cruelly,
she merely smiled back,
"Something is not working"
he mused to himself,
"something has ended",
she said to herself.
He got his flogger,
he pointed at her cage,
she asked him sweetly,
"may I say a word?"
He trembled inside
and just said, "you may".
She thanked him and said,
"It is all over, I am afraid"
"May I ask why?"
"I am ready to go, master,
time is just too short,

life keeps calling me,
ever wondered why I stayed?"
"No, I never have..."
"There you have the answer,
now allow me to go,
because you see, master,
the power was never yours."
Without another word,
he let go of the chain,
unlocked her collar
he removed the plug,
put away his flogger,
watched her getting dressed,
leaving with no words.
Too late for everything,
too many safewords unheard,
too many welts on soft skin,
too much sadness overlooked,
too much power in his hands,
too little care for her well being,
all weighed heavily in the end.
She has gotten over him,
he still remembers her,
in his nights of loneliness
he tries to sleep in her cage
but she took everything with her
even her tears, even her scent.

Really?
At times I wonder...
did you really care?
At times I wonder...
did I really care?
Two beings astray,
two souls in lust,
two frenzied bodies,
two fates entwined.

At times I wonder...
why we did part,
at times I wonder
if we said goodbye,
and at times I see
there's no going back..

Whispers
Just whispers on your skin,
between intervals of lust,
traveling through desire,
fighting mortality and time.
Whispers on your skin,
our journey together,
through vast empty lands
and hidden pinnacles.
No minute next to you
has left me without a mark,
I wear these proudly,
your whispers on my skin,
your desire is also mine.

Lust
As I remember you
and our brief time,
lust ravages my body,
lust pulses in my soul,
lust arches my back,
taunting the memory
of our days and hours,
bringing you back
from the secret vault
of a never-forgotten past.

If only
If I could close my eyes to your image
and wake up to your presence,

if I could feel the unrelenting pressure
of your arms around my body,
if only you were near, in the darkness
joining me on this journey through desire,
if only time had not taken its toll,
darkening our dawns and removing sunsets,
if only you knew of my primal longing
to be one with you, under suns and nights,
losing myself in the spiraling vortex of passion
to be born again in our long-denied union.

Buenos Aires, March 2019.

Reunion

Just prepare our chamber,
let flimsy veils tease our bed,
let time not move ever
and heavy curtains shield us.
Let incense burn joyfully
and all sound be muffled,
let us be lost and regained
in a thousand rituals,
endless exchange of forces,
till we become one at last,
in our search for ourselves
in the Other, the beloved.

Buenos Aires, March, 2019.

Puzzle

The puzzle lies in front of me,
pieces added, pieces missing,
the puzzle holds the secret
to the hidden labyrinth.
Ruled by unspoken laws,
perversely happy in its enigma,
holding answers not expected,

guarding doggedly its secret,
the puzzle beats to its music
guiding me through days, nights,
seconds and hours of despair,
of contentment, of oblivion.
The puzzle is, I see it now
my own self, my own life.

March 31st. 2019

Absence

He left her to her world,
he returned to his own,
she waited for him,
till there were no suns
to welcome his presence,
till no moon signaled
his steps returning.
She went to sleep sadly
with his beloved image
under her closed eyelids.
He went to sleep relieved
not to see her everywhere,
and found her in his dreams.
In the meantime, life goes on
the river still washes kindly
the sad pier and the old bridge.

Encounter

Strangers, just strangers,
under a bridge made of stone,
strangers exploring each other
in a territory without maps.
Strangers without names,
no stories, just themselves,
eager and yet ready to part,
once their bodies blended

Strangers under dark arches,
melting into each other,
losing themselves to madness
holding onto each other,
savouring life to its elusive brim
in the death like seconds,
in the spiraling vortex of climaxes.
Buenos Aires, April.2019.

Just you and I
Just you and I,
as we are now,
holding the ones
we were before
within ourselves,
in our secrecy.
Just you and I,
eager to live,
eager to love,
as we used to be.
Just you and I,
eager to feel,
eager to win
as we are now.
Just you and I,
let no one in,
but ourselves,
let no light in
but our eyes
shining eagerly
let no sound in
but ours in lust,
let no one enter,
till we have paid
our debt to Eros,
burning brightly
in renewed passion.

Buenos Aires, April 2019.

Love scenario
Portals of gray stone,
ancient bridges,
our dark old river,
and steely cold stars
silently watching us.
Nights of mystery,
unspoken words,
truths in the fog,
dancing silhouettes
on a white canvas.
You and I blending,
our bodies joined,
our souls meeting,
embracing desire,
defying time and fate
with the welcome death
of multiple climaxes.

Buenos Aires, April 2019.

Us
Lost in the fog of days,
found in the dew of nights,
eager to see you again,
standing at portals of time.
Your beauty untarnished,
your soul tried and bruised.
darkness and light joined,
my arms reaching out for you.
Your smile hiding secrets,
your eyes mirroring mine,
our past lies in lost gardens,
our present in fond memories,

in silver locks with lost keys,
in chains with mended links
in the barely lit labyrinths
of our hearts seeking comfort,
burning together through life.

Buenos Aires, April 2019-

Late hour words
Your absence shapes my days,
your memory shapes my life,
together they spin the thread
that binds me to your fate.
I question stars in the night
and wander through deserts,
I wake up wrapped in love
and fall asleep in heartache,
I muse through hours of toil
searching for you in all places;
nowhere near to be found
yet my soul bears your traces.
I feel your heart close to mine
and they beating together,
I can feel our lives entwined
our souls together blazing.

Buenos Aires, April 2019.

You and I
Just lost in dreams
of exciting nature,
given to fevers
of exquisite passion,
lost in endless desire,
pursuing relentlessly
never-ending pleasure,
you and I travel together,

exploring the seas of lust,
stopping at ports of love,
just to sail away in search
of spiraling climaxes
racking our frenzied bodies
and branding our souls.

Dreamland
Fantasies of sex, orgies of lust,
times of unlimited pleasures,
orgasms shaping hot nights,
words of fantasy and oblivion,
coolness melting like burning ice,
eager bodies aching to perform
under the gaze of a thousand eyes...
Buenos Aires, May 11, 2019

Star crossed lovers
Desire.
I just want you
to take me hard,
under a pale moon,
just use my body
to your pleasure
the moon knows
how to bless us
in spite of a world
that struggled hard
to keep us apart!
Buenos Aires, May 17. 2019-

You
Caught in the fog of time,
unsure of outcomes,
with days quickly fading
to the end awaiting us all,
I can still say confidently

that you are my beacon
in my troubled seas of life
and that I still honour
with body,soul, and mind
the joyous, lush miracle
of your beloved existence.

Oath

By all that stays unmoved,
by all that turns and bends,
I will find you ,my beloved,
alive or in a vault at rest.
I am the one you met before,
in times forsaken and gone,
the one that loves your body
and worships your sweet soul.
Tied to immortality and fog,
to rivers and bridges under mist,
I am the one I have always been.
a creature of countless nights,
looking for who once, long ago
against all ,belonged to him.
Yours will be the only kiss
who will welcome me into life
or cast me away to eternal death,
I shall take the risk as lovers do,
and defy all to become yours
just as you dared become mine
in times lost in dark memories,
under stone bridges and masks.

. June 2nd

Realization

Time and the glory
of your marble body.

My desire for you
present in everything,
love endlessly shaping
our hours around dawn.
Death means nothing,
neither do the years,
our thwarted connection
has given us immortality.
June 5, Buenos Aires.

Reasons

You must know I loved you,
there was no other road,
I craved your presence,
because you made me yours,
I desired you till spent,
you were my own cursed kind.
I am still waiting for you,
suspended over the threshold
of past lives, the present time
and our elusive minutes...
Just join in me in my solitude,
we are old friends after all,
we met even before we were born.
Buenos Aires, June 9th, 2019.
Twin flames.
We travel through rooms
of our own making,
secrets within fantasies
we keep in dark chambers.
We wade through waters
of our chosen oceans,
questions unanswered
in the constant flow of time.
We lose ourselves to reunite,
in the awakened joy of each other.

June 12th.

Reasons

Perhaps time will try to devour us
in its search for flames and souls,
to not let us see our dawn together,
maybe nights will have no stars.
Maybe memories will be a burden,
maybe waters will cover our names,
maybe odds fight our reunion
under our bridge just at twilight,
maybe the moon will cry for us
maybe our portals will go to dust.
Still, I will remain at the threshold,
my collar in place ,my body firm,
you'll find me, proud to be yours,
I will make you proud to be mine.

June 14, 2019

Maybe

Perhaps time will try to devour us
in its search for flames and souls,
to not let us see our dawn together,
maybe nights will have no stars.
Maybe memories will be a burden,
maybe waters will cover our names,
maybe odds fight our reunion
under our bridge just at twilight,
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Still, I will remain at the threshold,
my collar in place ,my body firm,
you'll find me, proud to be yours,
I will make you proud to be mine.

June 14, 2019

Just feeling

In the city with a river,
under bridges of stone,
in the city of dark portals
I carry your dear image
within my loving heart.
I wear my feeling for you
as a badge to be seen,
I go through gray crowds
dressed in your desire,
I live along heartbeats
echoing your name
and sleep during nights
held by our mutual lust
through time and distance.

Our city

Time on the other side of things,
hours fleeting into silver mirrors,
far away an old song playing,
nearby the river and its murmur,
in the city of bridges and portals.
Lust bursting through stones,
minutes racing into love affairs,
far away a strange dance calling
all true lovers to join in its steps
in the city of nights and dawns.
Love breathing in small gestures,
hidden smiles and dried tears
in the city that saw us grow up
and come together in reunion.

Night memory

Out from the silence of years,
lost in the memory of dead seconds,

walking through the labyrinth of time
knowing the way out is deeply hidden
and the centre perversely elusive,
I can still say your memory lingers
in the city of bridges and dark river,
in the flowery scent of warm nights,
in the fading music of some old bar
and in the crossroads of my own heart.

Fear not
Fear not, my most beloved,
the city keeps our liaison secure.
The old stones have engraved
our names in their fiery hearts,
the greyish river remembers
to keep our scent in its waters
We somehow will always live
in the travelling breeze of Time,
In the old decayed doorways
where we kissed defying Fate
and every treasured second
will shine softly for all lovers
even in the darkest of nights.

Secret
No one knew about their story,
no one knew when it started,
no one knew it would live,
branded in their souls forever.
No one knew anything about it,
they just kept their secret safe.
Only the river and the old bridge
were their trusted friends.
Their ways parted one day,
as those of star crossed lovers do,
Still, there's a ripple in the waters

that spells their names in the air,
there are stone steps somewhere
that have not forgotten them,
and, in a hidden parallel world
there are two bleeding broken hearts
trying to find each other again.

Some difference

He was all she ever wanted,
she was another one on his list,
he was her North and guide,
she was just a stop on his way,
he was her dear beloved,
she was some accepted supply,
he was her joy and desire,
she was just an object he owned.
And so, he stopped talking to her,
she never stopped asking why.
He just gave elegant excuses,
and all of a sudden she saw it all.
She said ok and so long,
she left without another word.
She never talked to him again,
to this day he is surprised,
she was supposed to plea and beg.
she is out of his life forever,
never to be trodden upon again.

The beginning

It was during golden Carnival,
both veiled by our glittering masks,
while the thick air was scented
with spices, roses and also dust.
It was then we laughed and flirted
under the Venetian lights,
and then the dark waters blessed us,

sealing our bond of love and lust.

Discard

Your warm hello hid the memory
of countless goodbyes,
your charming smile hid the tears
you caused along your cool way,
your beloved carefree manner
hid the sadly shuffled steps
of those you coldly discarded.
and at some odd meeting point
lust and desire crumbled swiftly,
a castle built on shifting sands,
leaving only the pale memory
of a rose-scented love affair,
laced with broken goblets,
cooling ashes in a fireplace,
and a heart bleeding noiselessly.

If you ever...

If you ever remember our story,
just don't look for me
in any place we shared,
don't try to find me again
in sunlit flowery gardens,
don't hope to see me
in the human tides of avenues.
It is no use looking for me,
I waited for you too long a time,
kept the torches burning
in a temple you had forsaken
and I was left to see crumbling.
Still, there are traces of myself
in the moon lined clouds,
in the dark waters of canals,
in endless nights and stars.
They have all shared my pain,

they have seen tears flowing,
I have become part of them
and dwell in their hidden realm.

Wanderer

Just a wanderer in time,
hiding in shadows,
basking in a dubious sun,
just waiting for Night.
Just a wanderer of old,
trying to find you again
In the portals of youth,
in the rumours of the river,
in the melancholy words
of an old tango in the dark.
Just a wanderer in time,
travelling through lives,
with your scent on my soul
and your dearest memory
as my constant companion.
The river knows of desire,
the portals of hidden loves...
That is why the dark waters
refuse to wash out your name
and the gray stones keep it
carved out under all weathers,
just like I do, unfazed.

Buenos Aires, December 2018.

Long distance flames
He cared for her,
she cared for him.
And in a strange way
they kept apart.
Each busy in his world,
each eager to be free.
They had no time to share,

they had all the time to win.
They saw the world,
they saw life unfolding,
they saw dusks and dawns,
pictures and shadows,
mirrors of their lives,
bridges never crossed.
They said they were fine.
No one knew their pain,
they only shared it
with pillows and stars. .November 24 2017.

“Memories”

When they asked him about her
he only smiled,
No one asked her about him,
she always cried.
If he remembered her,
she was not to know,
he left without telling,
kept his memories of her
under key and lock.
She made of him her muse,
her hero and her god.
She bound him to life,
made him live in every line,
regardless of lands and stars.
He would always be
the One,the Beloved.
She defied Time and Death
keeping him in her writings.
Her love and her longing
bought his immortality. ,November 2017

Drops of rain

Time measured in gardens
after swift showers,
drops of rain falling
along old window panes,
gardens lost in memory
and drops still tracing
the cold warmth of glass.
Hidden paths in gardens,
portals to our lost selves,
mirrors of wonder and despair.
My own heartbeat echoing
the smile on your lips,
my fingertips tracing
the lines of your body,
my own voice calling you
through tide and nights.
I am the garden keeper,
the one with our memories,
the one who, every sunset,
takes care of the lanterns,
the one who feeds time
with stories and rituals,
with tears and scents.
Time measured in drops,
just drops slowly falling,
rain sleeping in shrubs,
nights and tides rising,
our treasure safely hidden
in memories of our garden.
December 2018.

The seven veils
The house with seven mirrors
showing your image untarnished
by time and casual embraces...
The house with the seven gates
leading to the unknown center...

The house with the seven knots
waiting to be unmade patiently...
The house hidden in memories,
unseen from trodden paths,
veiled by moons and many suns...
The house stands in silence,
waiting for you and me to meet,
untie the knots, destroy the ropes,
open the gates and walk together
shedding the seven veils of our fear
to join our mutual flames in its center.
December 2018.

Ennui
Ennui fills up lazy days,
time is its faithful servant,
memory just waters dry plants
in a house of endless corridors.
You and I search for each other
only to lose our battles.
We blend, leave and start again
only to visit our lost garden.
Still, we go on, eager to find
our hunger for each other intact
in spite of years and faces,
in spite of too many tollgates
and steps in semidarkness.
Passengers on a runaway train,
holding each other at times
and letting go abruptly at others
in our keen pursuit of freedom
within the ring of our mutual stars.
You and I belong together
and for that, we can rest tonight
shaping our days and sunsets left
under many clouds and skies.

Buenos Aires, December 2018.

Would you?

Would you still remember me,

would you still think of me,

if only some memory

brushed your days softly?

Would you try to see me

if only my scent reached you?

Would you remember

I loved the way your hair curled,

covering our kisses?

Would we still hold hands

on the table of some dark cafe

and gaze into each other's eyes

finding there our lost countries?

The answer lies perhaps

in some forgotten diary,

in the lines quickly scribbled

before rushing to strangers

in dungeons and hotel rooms

promising imaginary bliss,

and delivering just dust.

Buenos Aires, January 2019.

Now

And it is only now,

when I remember

your hypnotic eyes

your smile and self,

your words in the air,

your tall body in the dark

It is only now I know

meeting you meant

finding the deliverer

of unattainable love

and reckless pleasures.

Questions

Why would anyone betray
the one who loves dearly?
Why would anyone hate
the one who loves fully?
What is there in passion
that signals danger and loss?
What is there that dies
each time love is reborn?
When is the time for bliss
if not here and now?
When is the time for pain
if not in the turning sands?
Where is home for the nomad
if not in foreign towns?
Where is my secret haven
if not in your strong arms?
Buenos Aires, February 2019.

Love

Love, the one luring us all,
the eternally elusive one,
the prize we covet,
the reward we seek,
the unspoken goal,
the hidden agenda,
the strawberry on the cake.
Love, master, and slave,
dominant and sub,
rope and knots,
links and chain.
Love, dungeon, and cells,
bedrooms and gardens,
portals and bridges,
towers and castles.
Love, masked faces

in the Venetian night,
mantles hiding bodies
lost in multiple climaxes.
Love, the only reason
we live and we die.

Buenos Aires, February 2019

Where are you?

Where are you, beloved
What keeps you away?
Why does only silence
answer my words?
The night soothes me
she knows my secrets,
she knows my pain.
The pale moon guards me,
the sun's forgotten my face.
Still, the river remembers,
the stones hold our story,
the streets echo our steps,
the city breathes our names!

Buenos Aires, February 2019.

"Lovers"

They parted one day,
under a cold bridge,
she cried that night,
he merely survived.
Oh, yes, they lived to tell,
cried and also laughed,
raised glasses of champagne
towards fading lights.
Under crystal chandeliers,
in mansions well known,

they did everything to forget,
they certainly went on.
After all, it was not such a big deal
that when glasses clank
and lights faded into nothing,
when lovers held them tight,
they heard the other's name
whispered in the twilight.

February 2019.

Beloved
And it is now, right now,
when my hourglass
threatens me from its place,
when your absence
speaks from the roots of silence,
when only your shadow
visits my nights and bed
that I can grasp at last,
the immensity of the abyss
that used to engulf us
in the blessed madness
of spiralling climaxes.

Buenos Aires, February 2019.

Hidden thorn
It is not your absence,
the main source of pain,
it is not the distance,
that causes despair,
it is not time and choices
that cause disappointment,

but the certainty ,the fact,
you never got to enjoy my body,
the pleasures it could give you,
the shudders that lead inevitably
to climax and oblivion.
For, what is pleasure,
but an exhausted body
and a mind rejoicing
in the joy received and given?
I could not pay you my last homage
and this is the hidden thorn
In the red rose of my passion.

Wolverine
I roam the dark night,
I hide in doorways,
I get lost in darkness
to be reborn in lust.
I roam the dark night,
looking for pleasure,
looking for the one,
I am no woman,
just endless dark nights,
I am no friend, no foe,
a wolverine on the prowl,
with fiery eyes, soft step,
strong body and bare fangs.

Reunion
In a dimly lit chamber,
you wait for me,
wearing a black mask.
You sit and wait calmly,
as you know I will arrive.
I enter and look at you,
time has respected you,

hours have been kind,
life has nourished you
with unexpected tricks,
and odd surprises.
I just enter and feel
my clothes bother us both
I undress before you,
your eyes follow me,
behind the black mask.
waiting for me to get near.
I do so and I feel a jolt,
desire urges me forward,
I extend my trembling hands
and find myself caught
in the iron circle of your arms.

Forgotten woman
The limbs of a forgotten woman
are like hands of a dead clock,
trying to turn and signal the hours
only to find stillness and silence.
Desire flows through her body,
only to find its object gone,
tears of pain and solitary climaxes
course her face erasing hope.
The body of a forgotten woman,
becomes a memory in itself,
a trodden upon, well-known territory,
owing no excuses to a fancy map.
The spirit of a forgotten woman
becomes the one that nurtures her
pushes her forward in cold nights
and teaches her old female secrets
to go on in search of her own sun.

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An affair
An affair hides
the clocks off Time
under its brief encounters,
hides the desperate prayer
for desire to keep flowing..
An affair defies Time and Death
in its mad pursuit of Pleasure,
an affair refuses to become
just dry rose petals between pages
of some old book on a forgotten shelf.

When passion strikes
When passion strikes, brace yourself
for there might be no tomorrows.
When passion strikes, cross yourself
for you might have been cursed.
When passion strikes, take care
because you will forget your fears
and trust your steps as never before,
seek encounters with the forbidden
laughing at the faces of Time and Death.

Master beloved
Oh, master beloved,
how your touch is missed,
how your voice searched
in the sounds lost in memory...
Oh, master beloved,
how your scent is lingering
on my skin you knew so well...
Oh, master beloved,
our distance and silence
are also a game of discipline.

Hers and his
Her dream was to bear
his mark on her skin,
to get to sleep in his arms,
bathed in his maleness
and her own joyful tears.
Her dream was to live
in awe and gratitude
at the renewed miracle
of his mere existence.
His dream was to hold her
till time was no more,
the world was kept at bay,
and they were alone at last
to die and be born again
in the madness of passion.

Just now
Just now I remembered you,
years have not faded your memory,
time has not killed my feelings,
desire flows through my veins
and my spirit remains indomitable.
You gave me once the gift of lust,
of laughter in the face of time,
of love wrapped in companionship
and that stays in me, untarnished,
just like the scent of your skin
in the long nights of solitude,
in the fading seconds, in the lost hours.

Why?
Why did they meet?
Was it fate or bad karma?
They met to want each other,
they met to hate each other,

they met to run to each other,
they met to dump each other.
Was it fate, just bad karma?
Or perhaps just twisted love,
masked as casual desire,
hidden between soiled sheets,
lost even before it blossomed.

Daze

I slept under an old tree,
when I woke up
the garden was no more.
I slept under a cloud,
when I woke up
the sky was no more.
I slept under the moon,
when I woke up
the night was no more.
Garden, sky and night,
dreams within a dream...
who knows when we are awake,
who knows if we are still asleep...

Beauty

And I saw her and then I knew
everything was right.
The circle closed and opened again
completion and freedom
both surrendered us to light.

Parallel

She loved him far too much,
he wanted her far too much,
he pursued her once she smiled at him
she pursued him once he ran away,
he missed her for a while when she was gone,
she missed him even when he was home,

he didn't try to forget her, no use at all,
he left her in a corner of his mind,
she tried not to think of him and succeeded,
she did not think of him at all.
But then, she never thought of her soul,
her soul lived in her and so did he.

Discoveries

In the joyous light of our encounter
lay the darkness of our parting,
in our burning desire for each other
lay the cold detachment of later days.
The death of feeling and recognition
hid in the frenzy of spiralling climaxes
while the coldness of our goodbye
waited on our exhausted, satiated flesh,
lying on entangled embroidered sheets,
in a semi-lit room reeking of roses and sex.

Transformations

The arms of an abandoned woman
become the hands of a huge clock
moving resignedly to meet the hour,
while holding the pain of the world.
The eyes of an abandoned woman
become beacons in the darkness,
bearing witness to the grief around.
The legs of an abandoned woman
carry her through old, forgotten roads,
looking for a place she can call home.

Nothing

Nothing, Your elusive presence
still haunts the persistent silence.
Nothing. Your boyish smile of old
still dances wrapped in memories.

Nothing. Your voice of soft tones
still echoes in the growing distance.
Nothing. Your body of graceful lines
still rests nearby in a time long lost.
Nothing, nothing, just faded hours,
just broken crystals, just empty rooms,
just silence broken by droplets of blood
dripping slowly from a grieving heart.

Cynical lady
Cynical lady,
she has seen a lot,
has been used,
ghosted, abused,
seen her best friend
flirting with her man,
the one she used to love.
Cynical lady,
she has won and lost.
Cynical lady,
refusing to give up,
going on relentlessly,
in pursuit of nothing
and willing to try it all.

Epiphany
It was in the madness of lust
that I found my purest moment.
In the raw melting of orgasm
I found Death and defied her.
It was then I reached the Divine,
while agonizing amidst spasms,
it was then I learnt I was yours
and yet I was dangerously free,
like the wind in the desert,
free to live throughout our desire,
to wander through the realm of lust,

to become one with the elusive flame,
the one that ignites and feeds life.

Pictures

Ice cold droplets on rosebuds
fated to die under the first frost,
an untended garden lost in time,
a house blurred in the fog,
hours rushing to their swift end,
unopened books inviting dust,
a sun struggling pitifully to rise,
a moon declining its own light,
crystals shattered on old stones,
ashes gathering in misty winds,
all telling the bittersweet story
of a thwarted old love affair,
lost in the darkest folds of the mind.

Odd timing

She looked at him in awe
and saw her past revisited,
she looked at him hopefully
and saw her uncertain future.
He just looked at her intently
and saw only the present.
And it is now, years later,
she lives only in the present
while he thinks of their past
and still regrets not finding her
in his bright, promising future.

Paradoxes

Time and gardens
go together,
love and roses
go together
crystals and rain

go together,
fireplaces and Winter
also go together...
We, on the other hand,
shared time in gardens,
enjoyed love and roses,
loved raindrops on crystals,
cuddled near the fireplace
in cold, ice-cold Winters,
and yet, sadly enough,
we are no longer together.

Tribute

I found in your body,
traces of other climaxes,
other skins and moans,
madness and pain mingled.
I found fading echoes
of women willingly trapped
in the allure of your demands.
I inhaled the powerful scent
of rampant desire struggling
for chain-breaking release.
I saw not only you
but the countless others,
I heard their soft sighs
and your name strangling
their fragile collared throats.
I saw them die in orgasms
to revive under your cold gaze,
looking in vain for some love.
I saw them building houses,
houses of sweet domestic bliss,
doomed to fall onto shifting sands.
They didn't know you at all;
naive like moths near a flame
they built around you a story,

a story pitied by the gods,
a story mocked by spectres.
I saw it all and yet I lost myself
in the intricate garden of your mind,
throwing fears to the whims of life,
while willingly paying homage
in the power-hungry temple of your body.

Findings

Just the sanding of the years
on a wall still firm and strong,
just the flaking here and there,}
while Time smiles and goes on.
Just a few more marks and lines
on a surface still quite smooth,
while events unfold and fade,
while peace and turmoil meet
and love and desire rub elbows
with the paleness of dying seconds.

My Valentine

Even if other arms claim you in lust,
even if the trace of your passions
still lingers in other beds, other rooms,
in cities lost in labyrinths of memory.
Even if the portals of your playful heart
have opened to multiple affections,
stories fueled by pain and also desire,
even if the caresses of unforgiving Time
slowly cover your once worshipped body,
wrapping your limbs in elusive immortality
.I will still celebrate your very existence,
I will still keep the finest red rose for you,
you are and will always be my Valentine.

Love

Love, the one luring us all,
the eternally elusive one,
the prize we covet,
the reward we seek,
the unspoken goal,
the hidden agenda,
the strawberry on the cake.
Love, master, and slave,
dominant and sub,
rope and knots,
links and chain.
Love, dungeon, and cells,
bedrooms and gardens,
portals and bridges,
towers and castles.
Love, masked faces
in the Venetian night,
mantles hiding bodies
lost in multiple climaxes.
Love, the only reason
we live and we die.

Buenos Aires, February 2019.

Where are you?
Where are you, beloved
What keeps you away?
Why does only silence
answer my words?
The night soothes me

she knows my secrets,
she knows my pain.
The pale moon guards me,
the sun's forgotten my face.
Still, the river remembers,
the stones hold our story,
the streets echo our steps,
the city breathes our names!

Buenos Aires, February 2019.

"Lovers"

They parted one day,
under a cold bridge,
she cried that night,
he merely survived.
Oh, yes, they lived to tell,
cried and also laughed,
raised glasses of champagne
towards fading lights.
Under crystal chandeliers,
in mansions well known,
they did everything to forget,
they certainly went on.
After all, it was not such a big deal
that when glasses clank
and lights faded into nothing,
when lovers held them tight,
they heard the other's name
whispered in the twilight.

February 2019.

Beloved

And it is now, right now,
when my hourglass
threatens me from its place,
when your absence
speaks from the roots of silence,
when only your shadow
visits my nights and bed
that I can grasp at last,
the immensity of the abyss
that used to engulf us
in the blessed madness
of spiralling climaxes.

Buenos Aires, February 2019.

Hidden thorn
It is not your absence,
the main source of pain,
it is not the distance,
that causes despair,
it is not time and choices
that cause disappointment,
but the certainty ,the fact,
you never got to enjoy my body,
the pleasures it could give you,
the shudders that lead inevitably
to climax and oblivion.
For, what is pleasure,
but an exhausted body
and a mind rejoicing
in the joy received and given?
I could not pay you my last homage
and this is the hidden thorn
In the red rose of my passion.

Wolverine

I roam the dark night,
I hide in doorways,
I get lost in darkness
to be reborn in lust.
I roam the dark night,
looking for pleasure,
looking for the one,
I am no woman,
just endless dark nights,
I am no friend, no foe,
a wolverine on the prowl,
with fiery eyes, soft step,
strong body and bare fangs.

Reunion

In a dimly lit chamber,
you wait for me,
wearing a black mask.
You sit and wait calmly,
as you know I will arrive.
I enter and look at you,
time has respected you,
hours have been kind,
life has nourished you
with unexpected tricks,
and odd surprises.
I just enter and feel
my clothes bother us both
I undress before you,
your eyes follow me,
behind the black mask.
waiting for me to get near.
I do so and I feel a jolt,
desire urges me forward,
I extend my trembling hands
and find myself caught
in the iron circle of your arms.

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dreams within a dream...
who knows when we are awake,
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bearing witness to the grief around.
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from spilling her blood on the ground.

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ghosted, abused,
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the one she used to love.
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and willing to try it all.

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I found Death and defied her.
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